

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

# MILITARY



MARCH  
No. 37

COMICS

10¢

**BLACKHAWK**  
finds VICTORY  
through the  
PASS OF  
BLOODY PEACE!





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**





THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO BUST UP MY RACKETS, MR. REFORM MAYOR!



DUCK! HE THREW A BOMB!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DUCK—REMEMBER MY MAGNETIC POWERS!



WHEN I SAY VOLTO, MY LEFT HAND REPELS...

AMAZING!

BUT THE GANGSTER'S GETTING AWAY, VOLTO!

DON'T FORGET MY MAGNETIC RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS...

INCREDIBLE! YOU SAVED MY LIFE! HOW DO YOU DO IT?



IT'S SIMPLE, MR. MAYOR! VOLTO'S FROM MARS, WHERE EVERYONE HAS MAGNETIC POWER!

AND THEY RECHARGE THAT MAGNETISM BY EATING CEREAL GRAINS DAILY!



WELL, IN THAT CASE, COME ON INSIDE AND HAVE SOME GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES! THEY'RE THE SWELLEST-TASTING CEREAL IN TOWN!

THEY MUST BE!! EVERYONE ON EARTH SEEMS TO EAT THEM!



GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES MAY NOT GIVE YOU VOLTO'S MAGNETIC POWER, BUT IT SURE WILL GIVE YOU THAT "UP AND AT 'EM" FEELING IN THE MORNING! GET GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES TODAY, YOU'LL SAY THEY TASTE SWELL!

TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN** BLUE NETWORK MON. THRU FRI.

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# BLACKHAWK



**D**UNK ROURED THE TRIUMPHANT  
JAPS — TOWARD THE NARROW  
MOUNTAIN PASS THAT LED TO  
VICTORY! — AND THERE WAS NO  
ONE TO HALT THEM BUT A  
HANDFUL OF BLACKHAWKS  
AND AN ARMY OF WARRIORS  
WHOSE GOD FORBODE THEM TO  
FIGHT! ...

BUT EVEN GODS CAN  
CHANGE THEIR MINDS — AS  
BLACKIES DID AT THE ...

## PEACE OF BLOODY PEACE!





















THEN WE'LL BLOCK THE PASS AND FIGHT THE YELLOW DEVILS TO A STANDSTILL!... CREEP, HOW MANY WARRIORS CAN YOU RAISE?

NONE, MY SON!



A-HONK? B-BUT...

ONCE THE SHANDA WARRIORS WERE THE FIERCEST IN ALL THESE HILLS! THEN HE SAW THE LIGHT AND BECAME FOLLOWERS OF PAA-XIS, THE GOD OF PEACE!



YOU MEAN YOU WON'T FIGHT... EVEN THE JAPSE?

OURS IS A REGION OF NON-VIOLENCE, SON! NEVER WILL I LIFT A HAND AGAINST A FELLOW-MAN, THOUGH HE BE ENSLAVED!



YUMPIG YUMMIN! SUCH A YUG-HEADED IDEAL! YOU YLL BE ENSLAVED, ALL RIGHT!—DOSE OF YOU WHO ARE STILL ALIVE!

THEN SO BE IT! BUT WE HAVE SEEN THE SIGN OF PAA-XIS!...



FROM THE BEGINNING OF TIME, THAT MOUNTAIN HAS BELCHED FIRE AND FLAME UPON MY PEOPLE—AS LONG AS HE LIVED BY THE SWORD...



THE DAY WE PUT ASIDE OUR WEAPONS, THE MOUNTAIN CEASED ITS FLAME AND HAS SHARED OUR PEACE EVER SINCE!

ALL VOLCANOES GROW COLD EVENTUALLY! IT SIMPLY DIED OUT!



NO, MY SON! THOSE BLACK HOLES ARE THE CAVERNS OF FIRE! WITHIN THEM YOU MAY STILL SEE THE FIERY, SEETHING HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN, HELD IN CHECK BY PAA-XIS!



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QUI! BUT WHEN THE LAST STAND COME--WE WILL BE DOWN TO FIGHT SHOULDER TO SHOULDER WITH YOU!



AS NIGHT FALLS--

GOOD! BY BAY A SENTIMENTAL YERK ABOUT DYING IN DAS DARK!



HOLD FIRE UNTIL THEY'RE SO CLOSE YOU CAN'T MISS!



THE RATS ARE HERE, ANDRE! UP AND AT 'EM! AND MAKE EVERY SHOT AND EVERY BOMB COUNT DOUBLE!



WE'LL DO HONORABLE HOKAYO!



AND THEN--

HAWKA A A A

























BULL'S-EYE!!



LOOK! BLACKHAWK BLEW THE VOLCANO'S HEAD OFF!

WHEW! JUST LOOK AT DAT LAW! COME DOWN!



THEY'RE TRAPPED IN THE PATH OF THE LAVA! NOW! UGH! ... WHAT AN END - EVEN FOR JAPS!

WHOOPEE! BLACKHAWK TROOP MOUNTAIN AT JAPS!



WELL, BLACKHAWK LANDS AGAIN!

THE JAPS ARE DESTROYED AND THE MOUNTAIN ALREADY CRACKS TO BRING FIRE AND DEATH!

THE OLD PEAK HAS ABOUT ONE MORE GOOD ERUPTION IN IT! NOW IT'LL COOL OFF FOR GOOD!



THANK YOU, BLACKHAWK FOR TEACHING US THE TRICK! JAPS WHO LOVE DEATH MUST LOVE IT EVEN MORE TO FIGHT FOR IT!

THAT IS WHY WE DON'T CHASE 'EM OVER A BAY! WE CHASE 'EM OVER A BEACH!



IT'S OVER, CUCK! THE BLACKHAWKS WON AGAIN!

SWELL, BLACKHAWK! THAT'S THE NEWS I NEEDED FOR MARCHING! I'LL BE FLYING AND FIGHTING WITH YOU AGAIN BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!



OVER LAND, OVER SEA... OVER FIGHT ME TO MAKE MEN FREE!!!



# Choo Choo

## and CHERRY

ALL MY LIFE I'VE  
NURSED THE THRILLING,  
ROMANTIC THOUGHT OF  
BEING LOST ON A DESERT  
ISLAND — AND NOW LOOK  
AT ME! BORED STIFF!  
NOBODY AROUND!  
NOTHING TO DO!

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR  
SOMETHING TO DO — I  
HAVE A FEW SUGGESTIONS!

















WHAT SHOWS HAVE YOU BEEN IN?  
DO YOU SING? DO YOU DANCE?  
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

WHY—I—I'M  
CHERRY LANE  
—BUT—BUT—

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL—  
MY HAVING A PART  
IN ONE OF YOUR ACTS?  
OH, I DO HOPE I  
CAN DO IT!

OH, IT'S MERELY NOTHING—  
JUST REMEMBER THIS  
I PLAY THE LEAD AND  
YOU'RE MY SERVANT  
GIRL!

THEN COME DAYS OF REHEARSAL...



AND FINALLY... OPENING NIGHT!

GOSH, CHOO  
CHOO, I'M  
SO EXCITED  
I CAN HARDLY  
SPEAK!

WELL, I CAN! AND  
IT'S ABOUT TIME  
MR. RISE AND I  
HAD AN UNDER-  
STANDING!

MR. RISE, IT'S OPENING  
NIGHT—AND THE PLAY—  
WELL, DON'T YOU THINK  
IT'S TIME FOR A  
LITTLE CONTRACT?

I'VE NO TIME  
FOR JOKES!—AND  
ANYWAY I DON'T  
PLAY BRIDGE!—  
I'LL SEE YOU  
LATER!

OH, YES,  
MR. RISE!  
YOU'RE  
SO  
PUNKY!

OH, CHOO CHOO  
IT'S ALMOST  
TIME TO GO ON!  
I'M S-SOURED!

















# DEATH PATROL!

BY  
AL STALL

GOLLY, FELLOWS...  
PLEEZ-EE HELP ME  
GET MY PLANE  
DOWN...!

HOW DID  
YOU GET IT UP  
THERE IN THE  
FIRST PLACE?

HA! HA!  
LOOKIT YOGIE--THE  
GREATEST MAGICIAN  
IN ALL THE WORLD!  
PHOOIE!

DOPE! THAT'S  
WHAT YOU GET FOR  
ATTEMPTING THE  
HINDU ROPE TRICK  
--GREATEST OF  
ALL MODERN AND  
ANCIENT MAGIC!

MAYBE WE  
SHOULD LEAVE HIM  
THERE AN' TEACH  
HIM A GOOD  
LESSON!



DEATH PATROL prepares to land  
in their newly assigned airport  
post near the Big Town...

LEFT LAKE  
OPEN... COME  
IN!



OKAY, GUYS... THIS IS YOUR BIG MOMENT!  
THE CLIMAX OF YOUR DREAMS... THE  
DELECTABLE MORSEL OF SATISFACTION--  
A SATURDAY NIGHT IN TOWN!

VIPPEE!  
ME FOR  
THE NEAREST  
MOVIE!

CAN I  
VE GOT  
A DATE  
TONIGHT?

LET'S  
GO!





WHY SO GLOOMY - "YOG," OLD BOY!  
THIS IS SATURDAY NIGHT -  
BIG DOIN'S IN TOWN!

AW... LAY ONE! I'VE  
GOT SOMETHING  
IMPORTANT ON  
MY MIND!

AW! THE CORNER OF  
OLIVE AND GREEN... IT  
WON'T BE LONG  
NOW!

OLIVE  
GREEN

THIS  
IS  
**IT!**



MR. NOKUS, PLEASE!  
IT'S A MATTER OF  
GREAT IMPORTANCE!

AT YOUR  
SERVICE,  
SIR!

FLOPPING  
HOOPS  
& ICE

GULP!

ARE YOU THE FAMOUS KING OF MAGIC -  
THE GREAT GENIUS OF MENTAL TELEPATHY -  
SUPERNATURAL THINKING -  
MOODOOISM -  
PLANETARIUM -  
AND PRACTICAL  
JOKES?

MYE!

DO YOU  
WISH TO  
MAKE A  
PURCHASE?

MAGIC  
VIOLIN  
THE ONLY  
ONE IN  
THE WORLD











# JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



HERE COMES THAT BIG-SHOT CHIEF WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE NICE TO!

THE SARGE SAYS WE'RE TO SHARE THINGS WITH HIM!



HOW'S FOR A S. J. HAIR CUT ON THE HOUSE, CHIEF? ... SAYS YA FEEL NICE AND COOL!



OPEN YOUR EYES! SEE HOW SHARP AND LOST-DATE YA LOOK! ... I'LL TALK FOR A MONTH TERM!

WELL... YANKEE HAIR-CUT DO LOOK COOL!



WANT IT SHORT IN THE BACK, CHIEF?

I TAKEN CHANCE!



HE'S NOT FOOTIN' IT BACK TO STRUT HIS NEW HAIR-CUT IN THE VILLAGE!

BOY! YOU'VE MADE A FOOL OF US!



TRANSLATED:

NO! NO! NO! THIS IS WHAT'S BEEN DOING US AROUND FOR YEARS!

WANT A BIG MOON JERK?

WE WANT TO BE LIKE YOU!

WE WANT TO BE LIKE YOU!

WE WANT TO BE LIKE YOU!



NOW I GIVE 'EM TRIM...

YOU WANT 'EM NECK SHORT OR LONG?



# PRIVATE DOG TAG



In the private museum of T. ANKING BLOT, renowned scientist...



UNQUESTIONABLY! ESPECIALLY SINCE, FROM THE CONDITION OF THE BONES, I CAN STATE UNCONDITIONALLY THAT FAR FROM BEING A PREHISTORIC CREATURE, THIS DINOSAUR WAS YET MUCH ALIVE ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO!

WHAT?  
?!!











BUTTERFLIES! GEE-R! ALL RIGHT, SO THERE ARE SOME SOLDIERS LIKE DOSTAG!... BUT HE'VE GOT A TERRIFIC NAVY. HAVEN'T WE?



*Later*  
WE'RE APPROACHING THE PETRIFIED FOREST NOW, PRIVATE DOSTAG!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? IT SURE WILL BE NICE TO SIT UNDER A SHADY TREE AND COOL MY FEET IN A BROOK!



THE TREES IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST, MY DEAR FELLOW, ARE SOLID STONE... AND SINCE THE FOREST IS IN THE HEART OF THE DESERT, I DOUBT WHETHER YOU'LL FIND A BROOK!

OH!



WHAT WAS THAT?

MUST'VE BEEN A CAR BACK-FIRING!

BANG!



BUT THERE ARE NO ROADS NEARBY!

IN THAT CASE, IT WAS A SHOT!



OH, WELL, THEN EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT!



HUNT, HEY! SHOTS CAN BE SERIOUS!

PAY NO ATTENTION TO IT, MY BOY! WE MUST KEEP OUR MINDS ON THE BIG THINGS AHEAD!

















TAKE HIM INTO THE OTHER ROOM!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU SEEM TO BE IMPRISONING US!

YOU SURE DO UNDERSTAND, MISTER! YOU CAN BOTH STAY THERE UNTIL I DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH YOU!



ALL RIGHT FALLS... THIS IS ALL MOST MYSTERIOUS, DOSTAB! ... MOST MYSTERIOUS! THE HOUSE IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST, THIS UNJUST INCARCERATION! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, DO YOU?

GIVE ME TIME, PROFESSOR! I'VE GOT TO THINK!



ROUTE 12345...

NO, PROFESSOR, I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! BUT I'M HUNGRY!

DOSTAB, I ADMIRE THE DILIGENCE WITH WHICH YOU LIKE TO THINK OUT A PROBLEM BEFORE ARRIVING AT A CONCLUSION!



SHE'S GOING TO HELP US ESCAPE!

SH-H!



GO NOW ... AND DON'T COME BACK! YOU WILL LOSE YOUR LIVES IF YOU ARE CAUGHT!

BUT WHY! WON'T YOU EXPLAIN! AND WHY ARE YOU HELPING US TO ESCAPE?



I CAN TELL YOU NOTHING EXCEPT THIS!

GOODNESS! GOODNESS! THIS IS MOST UNUSUAL!





HOW ABOUT ME? I HAS A PRISONER, TOO — REMEMBER?



THAT FOR YOU, WORM! NOW GO, BOTH OF YOU, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

THERE ARE SOME THINGS I JUST CAN'T FIGURE OUT!



I WON'T GO WITHOUT AT LEAST ONE DINOSAUR! I WON'T ADMIT FAILURE!

NO, YOU MUSTN'T! IF YOU TRY TO TAKE A DINOSAUR, YOUR DOOM IS SEALED!



THERE'S ONE! QUICK, PRIVATE DOGTAG! WE MUST GET HIM!

BUT MAYBE HE LIKES IT HERE!



WAIT! BEFORE WE LEAD HIM OUT, I MUST BE CERTAIN IT IS THE SEVENTY-EIGHT TOOTHED SPECIMEN OF THE POST-ICE AGE! PRIVATE DOGTAG, YOU'RE YOUNG AND NIMBLE! CLIMB UP ON THE FENCE AND LOOK INTO HIS MOUTH!

WARP! BUT PROFESSOR... M-MAYBE HE WON'T LIKE IT! M-MAYBE HE'S SENSITIVE ABOUT HIS TEETH! HE MAY EVEN BE HEARING A BRACE!



IF IT WEREN'T THAT SARGE EXPECTS ME TO OBEY ORDERS, I'D TRY TO TALK THE PROFESSOR OUT OF THIS!

COUNT THEM! HOW MANY ARE THERE?



SO SORRY! MY HAND SLIPPED! G-GOODNESS! HE'S BEING SWALLOWED!

WALP!



WHAT A STRANGE SOUND FOR A DINOSAUR TO MAKE! OR CAN IT BE PRIVATE DOGTAG IN HIS DEATH THROEST?





OUCH! HEY!  
CUT IT OUT! IS THAT  
ANY WAY TO TREAT  
A GUEST?  
OUCH! OUCH!  
HALP!



At that moment...

GOOD HEAVENS!  
I WONDER WHAT  
IS HAPPENING  
NOW!

OH, YOU'VE GOT TO  
SAVE ME NOW! THE  
VOLANTES HAVE CAUGHT  
UP WITH JAKE AND THE  
REST OF THE RUSTLER  
GANG!

HALP!  
OUCH!  
OUCH!



HERE THEY COME  
NOW! THEY'VE  
CAPTURED  
JAKE AND  
HIS MEN!

LEAD US TO  
THOSE STOLEN  
CATTLE, YE  
DIRTY  
RUSTLERS!



HALP!

A VERY  
UNUSUAL  
SPECIMEN OF  
DINOSAUR  
POSSIBLY I'M  
AFRAID I  
SIMPLY DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!



YOU'LL FIND SEVERAL HUNDRED  
HEAD OF CATTLE BEYOND THE  
CORRAL! I RECKON THIS IS ONE  
TIME MY DINOSAUR TRICK DIDN'T  
WORK WELL ENOUGH TO SCARE  
THESE VAGABONDS AWAY FROM HERE!



YOU MEAN THERE ARE NO LIVE  
DINOSAURS HERE? — YOU MEAN  
YOU JUST TRAINED THOSE CATTLE  
TO STAND ON EACH OTHER'S BACKS  
INSIDE THAT SINK SO THAT PEOPLE  
WOULD BE FRIGHTENED AWAY? BUT  
WHAT ABOUT THOSE BONES OF  
RECENTLY DECAYED DINOSAURS  
WHICH I FOUND?

THEY MUST'VE  
BEEN STEER  
BONES! WE  
EAT QUITE A  
LOT O' BEEF  
ON ACCOUNT  
OF IT BEIN'  
FREE!



On the long journey home...

I'M GLAD ALL  
THIS HAPPENED!  
NOW I CAN  
BE WITH YOU  
FOREVER!

WELL! I MAY PUT YOU  
IN MY MUSEUM, AT  
THAT! DOGTAG, THINK  
OF THE INTERESTING  
THINGS YOU WOULD  
HAVE SEEN HAD YOU  
BEEN INSIDE A REAL  
DINOSAUR!

OUCH!



# The FLYING SCOURGE

**HAVE** you ever had an appalling experience? Have you ever stood in a safe place and watched Death strike? Or had Death stalk you with its cold breath?

For some time, good, heavy rains have fallen, until now the barley—covering miles upon miles of the land—makes it appear to be a farmer's paradise. Not one mile, not ten, not fifty; but for over a hundred miles, in the bright clear atmosphere of a summer's day, you see nothing but beautiful green, bounded by the far-distant deep-green ranges of hills—hills that seem to hold the blue smoke of a million camp fires.

You stroll through the barley. It is all yours. You planted it. You intend to reap it. You think of this little fortune, and all it will mean to you. You may possibly get a short holiday home to England—England that you haven't seen for many years. You are building castles and—

There in the distance is that sight which for a fraction of a second seems to chill the heart. You stand motionless. In that far-away distance, and ever so far away on the horizon, you see a long, faint cloud, for all the world like dust—a thin, faint, unbroken line from left to right; perhaps fifty miles long.

This is a locust swarm, as you first see it at a distance of about 70 miles.

The day is oppressively hot and still; there is a foreboding of disaster in the great empty silence.

In a short space of time the swarm assumes enormous proportions. It is no longer that thin narrow cloud. It has spread up higher into the blue; there is more density in the blurred mass. It is now a spreading,

light-brown fog, advancing rapidly towards you—a light-brown fog that obscures all that is behind it.

And yet the swarm is miles away. The ironical fact is that, unlike most impending disasters, it gives you ample warning of its coming; in your utter helplessness to avert it, the intimation comes hours and hours beforehand.

That is the hardest blow—that you should be so prepared for disaster, and yet be unable to avoid it.

Mile by mile, minute by minute, the landscape is gradually blurred out. Hill after hill, tree after tree, are hidden, and all the while the big brown cloud mounts higher into the sky and spreads itself over half a world.

And then a sound travels, steals into the silence. It is like the sound of the sea heard from a distance inland. It is the distant whirring and roaring of billions and billions of wings beating the air.

Before you—the rapidly approaching swarm shades, shadows the landscape.

Behind you—bright blue sky, and miles of green country, miles of ripening crops and luxuriant pasture.

It is the last you will see of it for a year.

The whirr becomes louder—two or three old locusts fly past you. The whirr becomes a roar, and then, with plunging suddenness, the thick swarm is over the land, and the rushing whirr and roaring of the wings is like some gigantic dynamo revolving at terrific speed.

You may have to listen to this for days—it depends upon the size of the swarm; but when it does stop, you feel that half

an hour more of it would have driven you mad. The swarm is so dense that a sheepyard and stable thirty yards from you are only just discernible. Occasionally they are quite hidden; even the bright sun is obscured, and the rushing, moving shadow is forever passing over the earth.

The locusts settle everywhere in millions—and millions and billions of them continue flying to settle farther on.

They have been settling in myriads like this for a hundred miles or more, and yet enough locusts are left flying to hide the sun!

On the ground, nothing but locusts, and so thickly do they pack that not a square inch of earth or grass is visible. As you walk through them a narrow wake is left for a few seconds in your track, where they have flown out of your way, and as they rise thickly before you the noise of their wings is like an electric power-station.

And still the main body of locusts flies overhead in thick, brown masses—one steady, continuous stream, miles deep and miles broad—and all the time the incessant roar of millions of wings fanning the air.

It is a wonderful sight, a sight no one can ever forget.

In ten minutes your two thousand acres of green grass, your hundreds of acres of waving grain, are razed to the ground. Not one green blade is visible, not one green leaf, not a flower, not a stalk. All eaten right down into the soil by millions and millions of ravenous insects.

Every blade of grass, every stalk of grain is attacked by so many locusts, as it will hold fifty or a hundred locusts each on to one stalk; it bends with their weight, and in less than a



## MILITARY COMICS

minute it is completely demolished. This is happening simultaneously to every stalk and green blade on two thousand acres!

It is happening to a great stretch of giant trees, and their leaves are disappearing so rapidly that you are dizzy at the enormity of the sight.

The shade trees and the flower beds in the little town, the gardens in the dooryards, are vanishing down the tiny maws of this vast swarm of flying death.

All the pasture for all the cows and goats in the neighborhood is going down those maws, and the cows and goats are standing about in utter fear at the awful spectacle.

A nation's wealth goes in half a day.

Such a swarm will take two to three days—not hours—two or three solid days to fly over!

Two or three days this maddening whirr and roar—days of shade and sunless hours; locusts settling in myriads; locusts flying, flying—till their flight fixes on the retinas of the eye, and their roar settles into the drum of the ear. No matter what you do, where you go, where you look, there is always the whirr and roar of the grey-brown bodies flying past. Pick up a book, and locusts fly across the

page; write a letter, and thousands of locusts rush across the paper. Locusts, locusts, locusts everywhere you look—on everything. Even in bed, when you shut your eyes, you see locusts, hear locusts, dream locusts.

Prisoners in the far-off dun-  
stone House of Correction swear  
at them and swear at them.  
They filter through the bars and  
settle on the walls of the cells,  
and whirr and hum through the  
dark corridors. And men curse  
and scream and some of them  
go mad in the frenzy of the  
terrible flight.

In a factory nearby the work-  
ers fight the locusts and try to  
keep them out of their lunches,  
but they are there. Some of  
them are accidentally eaten, and  
men become sick and retch and  
sweat and sweat at them.

And people driving the high-roads in cars bat at the pests and toot at them and drive through clouds of them that plaster against their windshields and cause their tires to lose traction, and their cars to slide and slip over the smooth highways. And always there are several wrecks reported because of the slippery condition of the roads. Police on motorcycles are unable to ride.

Doors squash on the noisome things; windows slam down on them, making a squishy sound.

Every football is a juicy thing because they are several inches thick on the ground and on the streets of the town. They are in the stables where the cattle and horses fight them and prance and kick and scream against them.

In the hospitals the poor sick and injured all but go insane battling these terrible plagues.

Even far underground in the coal mines the swarm finds its way, clogging the elevator cables, causing the pulleys to slip and the winches to lose their grip. The miners become panicked after a while and lay down their tools and refuse to dig more coal because they are crawling with the loathsome creatures.

The milk is ruined and the drinking water is ruined and the food is contaminated for two or three days, while the swarm passes over.

That is why I say when they have gone, you feel that just half an hour more of it would have driven you mad. Not a soul to talk to, not a white face to cheer you; only thick, dense, flying millions of locusts, day after day, day after day, and always that incessant roaring and whirring of wings.

It is the most appalling-ex-  
perience you can ever go  
through.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1907, IN RELATION TO THE PUBLICATION OF THE WEEKLY NEWS, A PAPER, N. Y. No. 1, 1914.

114

Being not a ready writer for and for the State and county clerks, personally witnessed Joseph D. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of the MISSOURY CHURCH and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true and correct copy of the original manuscript of a true report on conditions and of the financial position of the said church in the above-entitled matter to the date of January 25, 1915, as presented to the aid of Joseph D. Smith, mentioned in Article IV, Third Laws and Regulations, enacted on the 22nd day of May 1914, to wit:

1. This list names and addresses of the publisher, writer, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Donald E. Green, Latent Print, 510 Greenway, Oak Ridge, Tenn. 37830; Editor, George E. Brown, 117 Lakeside Avenue, Oak Ridge, Tenn. 37830; Managing Editor, Peter, Richard Kinsman, 1000 W. Central, Oak Ridge, Tenn. 37830.

[illegible]

General, Capt. John C. Smith, 10th Regt. Ind. Inf., and Garrison, Gen.,  
Gen. Sherman, Jr., 10th Regt. Ind. Inf., 10th Regt. Ind. Inf.

4. That the above mentioned mortgages, and other security interest existing in building 1 are not in favor of said amount of bond, mortgage, or other securities and are bona fide loans, in whole or in part.

[illegible]

FRANCIS M. LEWIS, Editor

Small to mid advertising buyers are this day of Thursday, May 13, 1993/1994 (the weekend of the 13th & 14th)



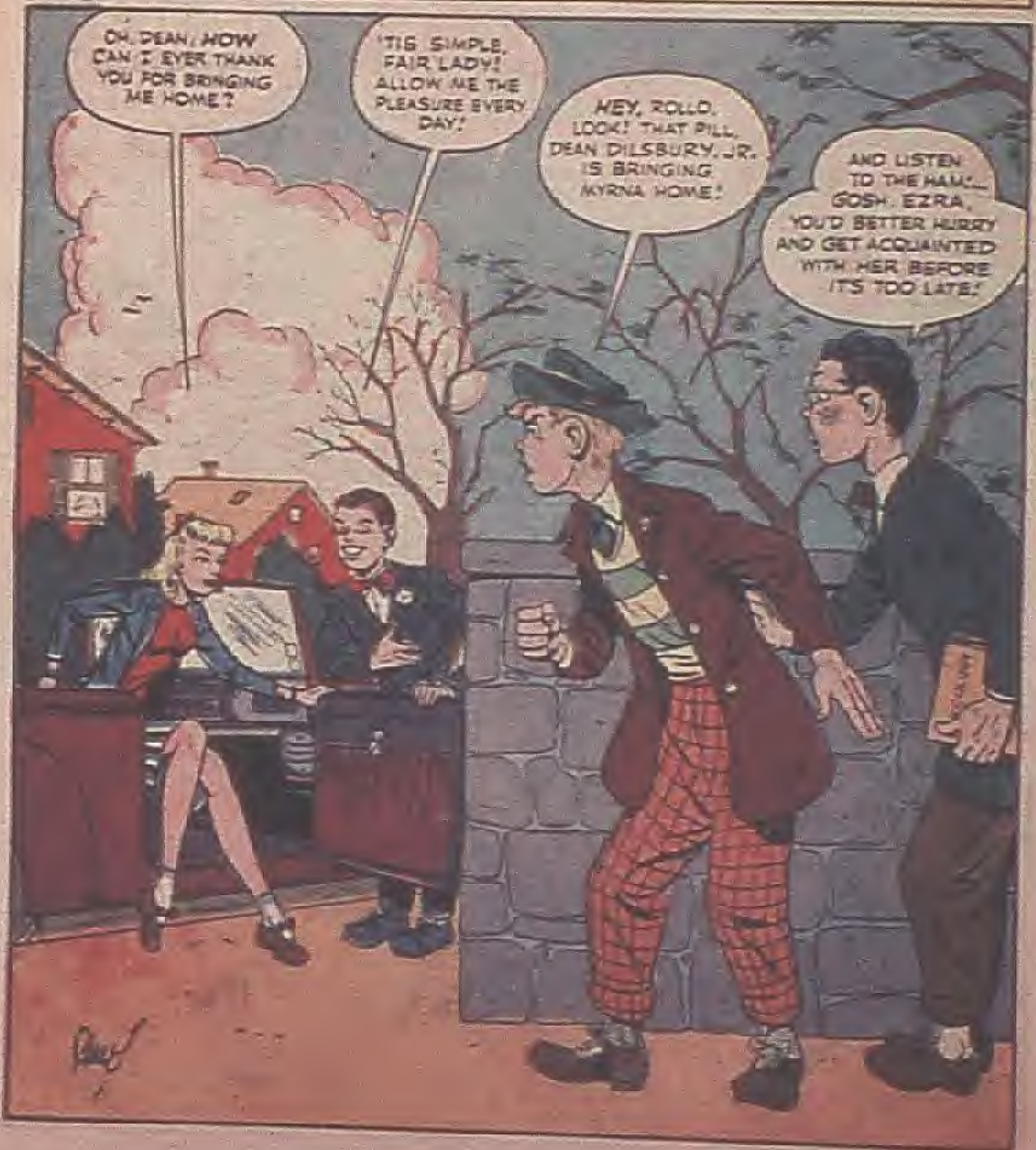
# EZRA

OH, DEAN, HOW  
CAN I EVER THANK  
YOU FOR BRINGING  
ME HOME?

'TIS SIMPLE,  
FAIR LADY!  
ALLOW ME THE  
PLEASURE EVERY  
DAY!

HEY, ROLLO,  
LOOK! THAT PILL  
DEAN DILSBURY, JR.,  
IS BRINGING  
MYRNA HOME!

AND LISTEN  
TO THE HALL—  
GOSH, EZRA,  
YOU'D BETTER HURRY  
AND GET ACQUAINTED  
WITH HER BEFORE  
IT'S TOO LATE!



































# P T BOAT



ORDERS for MTB Squadron 6:  
Half the Jap fleet is sitting on its haunches  
in Ninoko harbor. Not even a mosquito  
could reach Ninoko through the air. The  
High Command thinks we MIGHT get  
through.

Personally, I doubt it. But we can die trying!  
Signed ... The Commanding Officer.













A LONE PT BOAT FOLLOWS THE TRAIL THAT LED A  
GALLANT SQUADRON TO ITS DOOM!...

THE JAP FLEET'S LYING INSIDE  
THE HARBOR... WITH A DEEP  
WATER INLET THROUGH SAND-  
BARS! WE SHOULD GET  
THROUGH!



BUT EVEN IF WE SINK  
THE WHOLE JAP FLEET...  
ESCAPE THEIR FIRE...  
AND MAKE IT BACK TO  
THE INLET... HOW DO  
WE GET OUT AGAIN?

WE'LL WORRY ABOUT  
THAT AFTER WE GET  
THERE! DON'T START  
BURNING MY BRIDGES  
BEHIND ME!



MEANWHILE, IN THE FORTRESS PRISON  
OVERLOOKING NINOKO HARBOR...

COMMANDER PLATT,  
YOU PLEASE TO COME!  
HONORABLE ADMIRAL  
WISH TO ASK  
QUESTIONS!

HE CAN SAVE  
HIS HONORABLE  
BREATH! I'M  
NOT TALKING TO  
ANY ~~OFFICER~~  
SQUINT EYE!



COMMANDER, YOU CAN TELL US  
MANY THINGS OF INTEREST!  
WHO GAVE ORDERS TO  
ATTACK FLEET AT  
NINOKO?

I DON'T KNOW HIS  
NAME! BUT HE WAS  
ABOUT YOUR HEIGHT,  
AND HE WORE A LONG  
GREEN BEARD!



I BATHER EXPECTED  
YOU TO BE STUBBORN!  
SO I PREPARED  
CERTAIN... AR...  
INDUCEMENTS TO  
MAKE YOU TALK!

**BOOM!**

WHAT WAS  
THAT?



THAT WAS ONE OF YOUR  
OFFICERS! WE FOUND  
IT NECESSARY TO KILL  
HIM! TOMORROW WE  
WILL FIND IT NECESSARY  
TO KILL TWO MORE!...  
THEN FOUR! WE WILL  
CONTINUE TO DO THIS  
UNTIL YOU TALK!



YOU FILTHY  
MURDERER! I'LL  
KILL YOU FOR  
THIS!

GUARDS!  
HELP!







... AND A WANDERING LIGHT BEAM PICKS OUT  
A LONE PT BOAT IN SHARP OUTLINE AS IT  
GLIDES WITH MUFFLED MOTORS INTO  
MINOKO HARBOR...













LATER, AS A SEARCHING PARTY  
REACHES A SMALL INLET...

AN AMERICAN  
DEVIL BOAT! IT  
IS EMPTY!



HURRY! SEND THE  
ALARM! THE FOOLS MUST  
BE SOMEWHERE ON  
THE ISLAND!



YOU GUESSED  
IT! HERE WE  
ARE!

WE GOT BACK  
JUST IN  
TIME!



IN A FEW CRASHING MOMENTS, THE MEN OF THE  
PT BOATS OVERWHELM THE JAPS!



HEAVE HO, MY LADS!  
WE'RE HEADING  
OUT TO SEA!



A TORNADO OF SHELL FIRE FROM THE WAITING JAP  
BATTLESHIPS SCORCHES THE WATER AROUND THE  
FLEEING PT BOAT!

YEE-OOW! WE'LL  
NEVER MAKE IT!





JUST ONE CHANCE!  
IF I CAN REACH  
THAT TORPEDO  
TUBE!



TORPEDO AWAY!



A SPEEDING MISSILE OF DEATH EXPLODES IN  
THE VITALS OF A JAP CRUISER!

**BA-ROOM!**



HOT DIG! THE JAP WARSHIPS ARE  
STANDING BY TO PICK UP  
SURVIVORS! WE'LL SHOW  
'EM A CLEAN PAIR OF  
HEELS!

COMMANDER  
PLATT CAN'T  
BLAME US FOR  
DISOBEYING  
ORDERS NOW!



SOMETIME LATER, BACK AT  
THE HOME BASE OF HTB  
SQUADRON SIX...

IT GIVES ME PLEASURE TO  
AWARD YOU THE NAVAL  
CROSS - FOR EXTREME  
GALLANTRY AND INTRE-  
PIDITY UNDER FIRE!



THE ADMIRAL HAS ALSO  
GRANTED YOU BOTH TWO  
WEEKS SHORE LEAVE!  
CONGRATULATIONS!

SIR! DO  
YOU MEAN  
WE CAN  
LEAVE  
HERE?



NO! YOU'LL SPEND YOUR  
TWO WEEKS SHORE LEAVE  
IN THE BRIG! THAT'S  
TO TEACH YOU NOT TO  
DISOBEY AN ORDER!

Y-YES SIR!











**\$1000.00**  
IN CASH OR U.S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS

in addition to your regular prize  
WITH CASH or U.S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS  
Mail Coupon TODAY

## SELL SEEDS FOR VICTORY GARDENS— GET YOUR PRIZE!



**Girls Country  
HOLSTER SET**  
BOYS! Here's the Holster Set you've wanted. Big Jewelled Cowboy Holster, with a "Texan-type" Pistol, leather belt, kerchief & lariat. ALL GIVEN for selling one order American Seeds.

### OFFICIAL SOFTBALL SET

Keep Softball's  
the popular game.



Here's the big 2 piece outfit for it. An official softball and a regulation bat—also a Big League type cap to give you that real "baseball player" look. All for selling one order.

Full size, 5-piece Dresser Set. Brush and mirror with decorated plastic back. Given for selling only one order of American Seeds.




Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele, decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell one order.

### BASKETBALL SET



Victory type basketball, with valve type bladder and steel frame basket with net. All for selling one order of American Seeds, plus 30c extra.



**STURDY AXE** with leather sheath  
BOYS! Here's a bucky ax and regulation size, in genuine leather sheath which can be attached to your belt. Sell only one order seeds.

### "SECRET COMPARTMENT" WALLET



with carrying case. This fine camera takes 16 pictures on each roll of film—easy to operate. Sell one order plus \$2.00 extra.

### CANDID-TYPE CAMERA



with carrying case. This fine camera takes 16 pictures on each roll of film—easy to operate. Sell one order plus \$2.00 extra.



**Purse and Compact Set**  
GIRLS! LADIES! Purse in blue, brown, red, green, has double metal frame, 2 compartments. Full size compact smartly decorated. BOTH for selling 1 order American Seeds.



**BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED BIBLE**  
THE BIBLE IN FOUR COLORS  
with your name in gold on the cover. Issued, 7 compartment billfold. Given for selling one order of Seeds.

### "AMERICAN LADY" WALLET



Either of these new sets for selling one order of Seed.



**COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET**  
Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell only one order.



**"EVERFEED" PEN & PENCIL SET**  
A really good pen. "The pull-it's full" And pencil with year's supply of leads. Press the cap—lead is there! Complete for selling one order of American Seeds.

### OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

as explained in our BIG PRIZE BOOK

PHONOGRAPH  
GUITAR  
FISHING KIT  
COASTER WAGON  
SCHOOL BAG  
RAIDER MACHINE GUN  
BOXING GLOVES  
JEWELRY  
FASHION DOLL  
KNAPSACK  
CAMP STOVE

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as noted. Everybody wants American Seeds for Victory Gardens—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for free prize book and seeds. OUR 27TH YEAR

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU  
AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 220, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 220  
Lancaster, Pa.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, and you the money promptly, and get my prize. My choice of prize is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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or Street No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_